

The Lost Button

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

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Somebody had defined crime as "the momentary victory of an hereditary craving over common sense." In the case of the two Gilliflans, the same craving manifested itself in each man at the same moment. This was peculiar. The desire came upon each of the brothers to possess two blood horses belonging to a neighbor, and common sense was routed in the struggle to suppress the craving.

The Gilliflans got the horses, and, incidentally, the sheriff got the Gilliflans. A stern judge conducted the judicial inquiry, and, unable to see that the brothers were victims of a craving, handed down from a horse-loving ancestor, he sent them to Enloia penitentiary for seven years.

This was unfortunate. The younger Gilliflan was consumptive, and Enloia's "Little Hell" was not an ideal health resort. Three months after sentence the boy was sent to the jail hospital, and became firmly imbued with the feeling that he would not recover his health. The sentence had smashed up the last ounce of vitality that was holding the fort against the disease, and the prisoner was sinking rapidly.

Now, prisoners in jail hospital receive no tobacco. Whether the prison medico believes that the brand supplied to the numbered inmates is a compound that can only be safely consumed by the physically strong is not known, but the weekly supply allowed to a prisoner on the "works" is immediately cut off if he is taken to the hospital. The dearth of tobacco affected the consumptive Gilliflan. He craved a "chew," and in distress he acquainted the brother of his craving by what is in jail parlance known as a "stiff." With a pin the sick man scratched his wants on the loose leaf of a hymn book, and in due time the pitiful note, after passing through the hands of a dozen prisoners, reached

a far-away corner of the cell, and on hands and knees he started to search for it.

The sport fascinated him. When he discovered the metal disc he spun it up and again started in pursuit. The leaden hours rolled by slowly, but the game continued. Gilliflan blessed the button. He began to feel a love for it. He called to it when it hid from him in the cracks between the cold stones, and he cried hysterically over it when he discovered it after a long search. It seemed alive. It became a companion to him in that horrible, black vault into which not one single ray of light came to pierce the darkness.

It was on the evening of the sixth day that Nemesis clinched with Gilliflan. The prisoner had, up to that moment, thrown the button up a thousand times and found it in each occasion by laboriously searching on hands and knees. But on the evening of the sixth day a peculiar incident happened.

The prisoner threw the button up into the blackness, but it did not come down again.

Gilliflan waited with aching ears to hear the tinkle of the metal on the stone, but he heard no sound. The button didn't fall, and the silence that filled the cell as he stood listening, hurt him. He clenched his teeth to stifle a scream of terror that fear pushed to his lips. What was wrong?

The prisoner's trembling knees gave way under him and he sank to the floor. His hands moved out into the darkness and commenced to feel the stone flooring, but every nerve was taut.

On every other occasion when he had tossed up the button he had heard it fall distinctly, but he was certain that there was not the slightest sound after the last toss. Still, he would search.

The hot hands crept over the stones eagerly, feverishly. The fingers worked madly, but the bare floor mocked their search. There was no button. Again and again and again the prisoner searched. Through the cold hours of the night he crawled backwards and forwards till each joint between those tombstones of hope seemed familiar to his blind fingers. But there was nothing on the floor. The button had not fallen after he had jerked it into the blackness.

Gilliflan tried to think. Why had it not returned? he asked himself. What had happened to it? There was nothing about him but bare walls, and yet—! Where was it? Again and again he whispered the question of the thick black pall that seemed to heave around him. He asked it in a louder tone. He screamed it. Then some thing like a laugh came from one corner of that brain-destroying pit of horror, and Gilliflan was panic stricken.

Imagination, contrary to the opinion of scientific experts, lies in the stomach, and the bread and water diet that Gilliflan had been receiving was not sufficiently weighty to keep it down. The prisoner began to see things. The thick waves of curse-incrusted darkness welled up from the corners and smothered him. Invisible hands grasped his throat and strangled him. He kicked at the door leading into the dark corridor opening into the main wing, but Warden Tomlinson, of the night watch, was slightly deaf, and did not hear him. He raced around the cell with Terror—grasping, gibbering Terror—at his heels, and the stone vault echoed to his wild screams of agony.

When Warden Dunworth opened the door on the morning of the seventh day to acquaint Gilliflan of the fact that his term in dark cell was over, the hands of Terror had completed their work. The prisoner's face was battered beyond recognition where he had dashed against the walls in his mad race, and he shrieked wildly when the warden attempted to drag him into the light.

Eleven years afterwards, when an enlightened prison controller did away with the dark cells, the masons, tearing down the black vault at Enloia, found a jacket button securely fastened in a thick cobweb near the ceiling of the cell. But in the criminal ward of Enloia Insane asylum a prisoner still spends his days and nights hunting for that button.

Passing of the Pine.

It is actually depressing to contemplate what opportunities in the way of reforestation in this state are being wholly neglected. Look out of your car window as you speed along, especially if you are traveling through that once splendid yellow pine belt that follows at varying widths our ample coastline, and witness the unrepaired destruction that has been wrought.

The turpentine still and the sawmill have blasted the splendid forests like a scourge, and where once that monarch of the forest, the long, lean pine, reared his head in countless numbers now are only scorched stumps—not of yellow pine but of scrubby oaks and of old field pines and their like, and the mills did not leave even enough of the long leaf to furnish the natural means of reforestation. Not only have we lost our noble forests of yellow pine, but on those lands where a new growth might be offering its promise to coming generations there is no prospect of so happy a consummation.—Columbia State.

"Quit Yourself Like Men."

Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be strong men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work will be no miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—The Late Phillips Brooks.

TO DELUDE VOTERS

REPUBLICANS PLAN EVASION OF PARTY PLEDGES.

Surrender to Tariff "Standpatters" is to Be Blamed on the Senate—People Will See Through the Trick.

Of course it is necessary to find some thick-skinned scapegoat that will take all the blame if the Republican party should, after all, squirm and evade its ante-election tariff reform pledges.

Just now the public mind is being prepared for an intimation that, if consumers' burdens are not lightened in the new tariff bill, the wicked senate will be responsible. Even though President-elect Taft and the house ways and means committee should jointly battle for the relief of consumers, we are told to expect certain emasculation of a genuine tariff reform bill by the upper house.

That might mean a presidential veto, and an appeal to the people. And again it might not. Politically, it would merely mean that the Republicans were making an attempt to keep faith with the people, and that the senate must take all responsibility for failure to do so.

A dog that chases his tail in a never-ending circle seems to be very much in earnest. The results are not commensurate with the dog's apparent sincerity of purpose. The tariff standpatters would like to pacify popular sentiment without accomplishing anything in the way of real tariff reform.

It all resolves itself into whether the Republicans, as a national party, means to back up their ante-election tariff reform pledges with real legislation in the interest of consumers, or whether these pledges were for political effect only. The senate may be dominated by trust agents, but that is not necessarily a final obstruction. There are methods of bringing even a rebellious senate to terms, if the administration desires to heed the people's voice.

We will soon see how much of the Republican programme is based on the known wishes of the great body of consumers. The robber trusts do not seem especially perturbed. They will not object to a game of politics in the house, if their standpat friends in the senate consent to act the role of scapegoat.

Meanwhile, state after state in the producing west is declaring for popular election of United States senators, which may have a sobering effect on the standpat program.

The President and the Tariff.

While the president has been preaching on every imaginable text except the tariff text, he has known, if he knows anything surely, and is not mentally a mere muddle of texts and assumptions, that the tariff was enriching the trusts and paying twice as much to the millionaire as to the custom-house officer. Had he really wished to benefit the people and sacrifice his own vanity a little, he would have used some of his abusive language against the tariff thieves and hogs whom Mr. Adams has so forcibly commended to his notice. A little of the rhetoric wasted on Gov. Haskell and Delavan Smith could have been usefully employed against the men who filled his campaign chest in 1904, and who rushed to the rescue of Mr. Taft last summer. No American politician can long pose as a reformer who does not discover and pronounce against our tariff as the cause of most of our plutocratic evils—either the remote or the contributing or the direct cause of that hurtful access of the millionaire spirit from which we have suffered since McKinley first beat Bryan.—Boston correspondence in Springfield Republican.

Taxed to Build Up Trusts.

Western consumers are being taxed heavily by the railroads to pay artificial prices for steel rails. The makers of these rails are embarrassed by the prodigious size of their private fortunes. They are not all as wise and generous as Carnegie in trying to give back to the people a portion of their wealth.

It is the same with oil and other staples. The "infant industries" of the past are the law-defying, powerful, arrogant trusts of the present. Consumers are being taxed to build up a financial oligarchy that defies the government of the United States.

Carnegie at least is honest enough to take his seat on the stool of repentance and tell the truth.

President's Vindictive Spirit.

We do not believe that President Roosevelt would be a competent witness in any case that might be brought against him (Senator Tillman), and we should receive any testimony offered against him by the president's detectives as inspired rather by a spirit on his part to punish an enemy than to do justice.—Charleston News and Courier.

A belief shared by many level-headed persons not involved in Mr. Roosevelt's innumerable squabbles.

Frye the Dog in the Manger.

Senator Frye of Maine announces that there will be no appropriation for inland waterways this year. And Mr. Frye is not the only citizen of Maine who regards inland waterways as of no consequence. But, of course, the harbors and naval bases and dry docks and lighthouses and marine corps along the bleak Maine coast must be generously provided for.

Have Use for Old Piling.

There has been secured by a New York state pulp company an option on 500,000 cords of sunken pine piling now lying submerged in the Rideau river and lakes back of Kingston, Ontario, Canada. The piling was sunk about 80 years ago when the Rideau river was a center of commercial activity. The piling will be converted by a chemical process into the finest grades of stationery.

Post-Prandial Indulgence.

The man who regularly drinks coffee, port or liquor after dinner is physiologically worse off than the man who does not.—The Lancet.

EVERYTHING WAS FAVORABLE

SORRY HE DIDN'T MOVE TO WESTERN CANADA BEFORE.

Mr. Austin was a man who had never had any previous experience in farming, but Western Canada had allurements, and he profited. He got a low-rate certificate from a Canadian Government agent, and then moved. What he says is interesting:

"J. N. Grieve, Esq., Spokane, Washington.—Dear Sir: After a dozen or more years of unsuccessful effort in the mercantile business in Western Washington, in August, 1903, decided to come to Alberta with a gentleman who was shipping two cars live stock to Edmonton. I assisted this man with the stock over one hundred miles out in the Birch Lake Country, East of Edmonton. Indeed, how surprised, how favorably everything compared with my dream of what I wanted to see in a new country.

"Had never had any experience in farming, but I was immediately converted into a farmer. And from that moment I have prospered. Selecting a homestead near Birch Lake, I returned for wife and three small children and freighted out from Edmonton in March following year we shoveled a spot clear of snow and pitched our tent and commenced operations, at that time we had no neighbors. Four years have passed, the locality is well settled, with churches and schools, telephone and good road accommodations. "We are enjoying the privileges granted to any rural district in Washington. The Birch Lake Country is no exception, this great transformation is rapidly going on in every district in Western Canada.

"I estimate that every quarter section in every direction is capable of producing a comfortable living for a family of ten forever. After paying for two horses and a cow, had just \$10.00 to go on. Did my first ploughing in my life. I was very awkward in my work, but nature was glad and I was abundantly paid for my efforts. Our cattle has increased to about fifty head, which was very profitable on account of the abundance of forage. To farm was compelled to buy about four hundred dollars' worth of farm machinery on time, and the payments fell due last fall, and you may wonder how I expected to pay for them when we had such a bad year. "Was a little bad for Western Canada or for a Missourian. But is not 35 or 40 bushels oats a pretty good yield per acre in many States? Then the price of grain went out of sight, so when I had sold my crop I found I was able to make my payments nicely, besides we had lots of feed. No one has any business raising cattle without growing grain, or vice versa. As to the winters, did not feed my cattle, excepting the calves, a fork of hay until in March. Have found the winters much more pleasant than we did in Western Washington. This is strange and hard to explain, but 'tis true, nevertheless, at 40 degrees below zero we have more comfort than you would at 20 degrees above, so still and dry—with bright, sunny days. My wife says that she only regret she has is that we did not come here ten years ago, as we would now certainly have been in a position to retire from hard work. Most women soon become satisfied as neighbors begin to come round them. Have 98 acres in crop this year, besides two acres potatoes, which have always brought me a fair price. We find a ready market for everything we produce. To the Poor Man—Here is a chance to establish yourself. To the Rich Man—Here is a chance to buy land for \$10.00 to \$15.00 per acre which will produce more crops than a half dozen acres of your \$50.00 to \$75.00 per acre land. And if not very much mistaken, this year will prove an eye opener to those who are a little sceptical. The trouble with me is that I have so much to say so favorable to Alberta 'tis hard to be brief. Respectfully,

(Signed) "P. S. AUSTIN."

KIND HEARTED JANE.

Mistress—Have you made the chicken broth, Jane?
Jane—Yes, m'am; and fed the chickens with it, m'am!

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hail's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. 75c.

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RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it is as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

For the Public Taste.

The following makes a very popular dish, the usual name given it being "funny paper." Take three mothers-in-law, two Irishmen, one German one or two tough kids and a coon; mix and stir well. A jag is considered to add flavor. Sprinkle in a little spice and ginger, and garnish with drawings. The addition of a pinch of hardense is advisable, though not essential. Chestnuts are used for stuffing. The dish is usually roasted, though poaching is not uncommon.—The Bellman.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The Morning After.

The severe parent glared angrily at the prodigal son.

"Noon," he observed, felly, "is an absurd hour for breakfast."

"It is rather early," chirped the prodigal son, putting down his fifth glass of ice water.

Father Wasn't Handsome.

Nunother—I don't like it. Everybody says baby looks like his father. Visitor—Well, I wouldn't worry, dear. It doesn't much matter in a boy, you know.

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That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to cure a Cold in One Day. See.

The man of intellect is the noblest of men withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man.—Carlyle.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A light heart lives long.—Shakespeare.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions. Just, sweat, callous, itching feet. See all Druggists.

Silver is of less value than gold; gold, than virtue.—Horace.

Wonderberry Plant.

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P. S.—This offer will not appear again. Write for Wonderberry seed, and Catalogue at once. Do not neglect or delay. You can be the first to grow it in your town and make big money selling both berries and seed. I raised 500 quarts from a few plants.

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It Certainly Is.

"You shouldn't cast your pearls before swine."

"I know it; but it's hard telling who is on the hog these days."

Strong drug cathartics simply aggravate the condition—the true remedy for constipation and liver trouble is found in Garfield Tea, the mild Herb laxative.

The hand can never execute anything higher than the heart can aspire.—Emerson.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. See.

Arms and laws do not flourish together.—Caesar.

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